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The United States has forty-five per cent. of the railroad mileage of the world, and is building faster than any other country.

Sixty-eight per cent. of the members of the junior class in Yale College who are distinguished in athletics received appointments for high scholarships in the recent distribution of those honors there.

One of the last professions to receive social recognition in England has been the physicians. The doctors have emerged very slowly and gradually from the condition of being looked upon as below tradesmen, until there is now heard a protest against the delay in sending some great medical man to the House of Lords.

It will perhaps be news to the traveling public, states the New York Independent, that the penalty for bringing or importing a pirated edition of a copyrighted book into the United Kingdom of Great Britain is a fine of \$50, which, it seems, must be inflicted for every such offense, plus double the value of every copy imported.

The latest Anglo craze is the game called "Oot," invented by Miss Gertrude Willoughby, whose mother is of noble birth. The new invention is for two players, and, like chess, consists of a board and pieces. The game starts in the center of the board, and the player who gets his men in the square marked "Oot" is the winner. The name of the game is now the slang term in English fashionable circles for money.

Says the New York News: "That the harsh hand, though sometimes cruel, proves most effective in dealing with grave crimes, is shown by the police records for 1891 of New Orleans, just published. The Italians of that city have always been regarded with prejudice, on the ground that they were disturbers of the peace and violators of the law. Since the lynching in the parish prison last year, however, the decrease of crime in the Italian colony has been remarkable, only twenty-eight persons of that nationality, out of a population of 10,000, having been arrested. During 1890 and prior to the lynching the number of Italians arrested was 451. This striking difference indicates the wholesome fear of punishment that exists in a community once famous for its turbulence. In the early days of San Francisco one witnessed similar results."

This story, which the Philadelphia Inquirer tells about Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, may not be strictly correct, but it has such good points that one can not avoid wishing that it were. Owing to some misunderstanding a few years ago, Mr. Watterson and one of his sons are not on speaking terms. The young man, however, while a reporter on the Louisville Commercial, was assigned to interview his father. He sent up his card and was admitted. "You are, I believe," said Mr. Watterson, holding the card in his hand, "a reporter for the Commercial?" "Yes, sir," answered the son. And then Watterson gave the answer the questioner addressed to him. Both men were very formal, and, at the close, Mr. Watterson said, as he usually does after he is interviewed: "Now, young man, be sure to quote me correctly." The son bowed and left.

A sugar-refining company in Chicago is making oil out of corn. It is said to be a soft yellow liquid that resembles linseed oil in appearance. The process of separating the oil from the corn was discovered by Dr. Arno Bahr. It had been known for a long time that maize contained an oily property, but it remained for some one turn the idea to account. "There is no danger," says Dr. Bahr, "of corn oil ever taking the place of linseed oil. In the first place it will always be too scarce. The amount of oil contained in corn is only about four per cent. of its total weight, and we find that we lose almost half of it in the process of extraction, so that we get a very small amount of oil after all. The assertion has been made that corn oil can be put to little use—that it cannot be employed in making either soap or paints. The great value of linseed oil for paints is that it dries readily and it has been asserted that corn oil will not dry. Now this is a mistake, and as a matter of fact corn oil can be used in making paint or varnish, and also in soap. It makes a splendid soft soap. That there are valuable uses to which it can be put is shown by the fact that there is a demand for it in foreign markets." As only one company has the secret of the process and employs it, after the corn has been converted into starch or glucose so that nothing shall be wasted, there is no danger, declares the New York Post, of a glut of corn oil in the market.

Hot Feet for Soaked Shoes.
A recent method suggested of drying shoes that have become wet by rain is to beat some nail pieces in a pan and insert them into the shoe. It is said they do the work quickly, without in any way injuring the leather.—New York Journal.

SONG AND SINGER.

I saw him once, the while he sat and played—
Astriling with a shock of yellow hair—
His own rare song, in mirth or sorrow made,
But tender all, and fair.
And as the years rolled by I saw him not,
But still his songs full many a time I sung,
And thought of him as one who has the lot
To be forever young.
Until at last he stood before mine eyes
Aged-bent man, who trembled o'er his staff;
My sight rebelled to see him in such guise,
Rife for his epitaph.
I grieved with grief that to a death belonged;
How time is stern I had forgot, in truth,
And how that man was old, whereas their songs
Keep an immortal youth.
—Richard E. Burton, in the Century.

A BANK ROBBERY MYSTERY

BY M. QUAD.

RAXTERVILLE was a town of about 1500 inhabitants—a quiet, quiet place, which never boomed nor bustled. "The Bank of Raxterville," as the sign read, was a two-story brick building, plain and substantial, and George Carter, the sole owner of the bank, was personally known to almost everybody in the county. He was a man of forty-five, unmarried, and an old maid sister kept house for him. The banker was known as a methodical man, careful in his investments, and no one had any fear of disaster overtaking him. Now and then he had been warned that safe blowers might pay him a visit, but he had not taken any extra precautions. He had a large fire and burglar proof safe, and a man slept in the room at night on the cot.

On a certain April morning soon after the close of the war Mr. Carter arrived at the bank at exactly 8:30. That was his usual time to a second. The curtains were down and the door was locked, and it was only after a panel had been sawed out of it that entrance was gained. There sat Davis, the watchman, bound fast to his chair and a gag in his mouth, and the safe door stood wide open. A hole had been drilled and the bolts thrown back, and the \$23,000 safely locked up the evening before was gone. Davis had all the particulars at his tongue's end. He had been aroused at midnight by some one knocking on the door and asking him for a light by which to mend a broken harness. He denied that he had been asleep, but claimed to be "thinking." Suspecting no evil he opened the door, and three men rushed in and overpowered him. After making him secure they got their tools out of a bag and began operations, and in an hour or so had the safe open. His statement thus far was all right and reasonable. From thence on it was a puzzle. I was sent down from the city in answer to the telegram for a detective, and Davis was of course the first man to be examined. He had not been blindfolded and he saw all that took place, though the burglars wore masks and he did not get sight of their faces. He declared that they did not get a dollar in money and that they cursed and raved and threatened to burn the building in consequence. They pulled everything out of the safe and opened all the large envelopes, but the sack they had brought along was lying on the floor as proof of Davis's story.

At 5 o'clock of the previous evening Mr. Carter had placed in that safe \$21,000 in greenbacks, most of it in small bills. The packages would have filled a lawyer's waste basket. Had the burglars got them, the sack would have been used, as that sort of men do not sit down and count up and divide their plunder on the spot. Davis was not only believed to be honest, but Mr. Carter believed his story. It is needless to observe that I did not. I judged from his physiognomy that he was chicken-hearted. He had no marks to prove that he had resisted the burglars. I believed he lied when he said he was not asleep. As a matter of fact, I made up my mind that he had "stood in" with the burglars and either he or "left" on his share or had secreted it around the building and then let them bind and gag him. I think the theory was not only reasonable, but just the one which any other detective would have adopted.

Fortunately for the bank and its depositors the proprietor had plenty of reserve, and business went on as usual. I was told to go ahead on the case and work out anything I could, and my first move was to search for Davis's share of the money. No sign of it could be found about the building. In spite of all my efforts he stuck to his story just as he first told it, and I had to admit to myself that he appeared perfectly honest and sincere. In describing the burglars as well as he was able he mentioned that one of them was a very tall man with a hacking cough. That exactly fitted Steve Pratt, a burglar, who had been out of Joliet only two months after serving a ten years' sentence. Steve had had his throat injured by swallowing a fish bone, and kept up a constant hacking, even in his sleep. He described the work quickly, without in any way injuring the leather.—New York Journal.

be in Canada. The third could man I not place.

While still suspecting Davis of having a hand in the job, and securing the services of a local officer to watch him, I began a hunt for the others. I got track of Steve Pratt after a few days and located him in Cincinnati. He was too quick for me, and I followed him to Chicago. He got the start of me again, and led the way to Buffalo, and there seemed to sink into the earth. For two long weeks I was engaged, with the local officers, searching for him, but our efforts met with no success. One day I took a run down to the falls with a friend, and we went to the International Hotel on the Canadian side for dinner. We were seated in the office when there was a sudden outcry from the clerk behind the railing. A man had coolly walked in behind him and taken all the money from the till and was walking out with it. We had a pretty hot time to secure him, as he was in a desperate mood, but when we had him fast I recognized the chap we had been hunting for. He was Steve Pratt, and no mistake. He denied it, of course, but inside of three days I produced such proofs that he finally knuckled under. I was never more astounded in my life than when I came to interview him about the Raxterville Bank affair. He verified the story of the janitor in every particular.

"I shall get 'soaked' for this hotel job, anyhow," he said, "and so I might as well tell you about the other. There are three of us. We threatened to kill Davis and overcame him. We got the safe door open, to find we had been fooled. I'm a convict and all that, but I'm talking straight when I say that we did not find a dollar. Here is what we did find and all we brought away. I took it for luck—a Spanish piece with a hole in it."

"But Carter put \$21,000 in that safe at 4:30 o'clock."

"Then he or someone else took it out before we got there. Bankers sometimes rob themselves." I explained to him that it was not so in this case, and he was as much mystified over the case as I had been. On leaving the bank they had locked the door from without and had carried the key a mile before throwing it away. They had gone away empty handed and had much on the declaration of convicts caught again re-handled, but in this case it did seem as if the truth was being spoken. Had Steve got his \$7000 out of that hoodie he would not have been dead broke so quick, for unlike nearly all others of his ilk he was a miser and never gambled. I returned to Raxterville with my news and asked Mr. Carter if it was not possible that he had placed the money somewhere else.

"It is not, sir," he replied, with more acidity in his voice than the occasion seemed to demand. "That safe was here to put my money in. I put it there. I stacked up the packages with my own hand. I locked the door myself. I alone knew the combination. My book-keeper never handles a dollar of the money."

"But you have searched elsewhere—in these cupboards and drawers?" I asked.

"No, sir; but you seem to wish it, we will do so now."

For a long hour we searched desks and drawers and cupboards, but we made no discovery. He was as sure that he put the money in the safe as he was that he was a living man, and the book-keeper was sure that he saw him carrying some of the packages back there. What had become of that money? If it was there, why didn't Steve Pratt and his gang get it? That they didn't was now pretty well convinced. The only way that he could reason it out was that someone had robbed the safe before the Pratt gang got there. If so, however, it was done by opening the door in the regular way. The banker had said that he alone knew the combination. I led up to the matter again, and he admitted that his sister also had it, as a safeguard against accident.

I now began work on an entirely new theory. I felt that the key of the mystery was in the hands of the sister, though I was far from hinting any such thing to a living soul. I took my quarters in the town and began on the new theory. I soon found that Anna Carter was a spinster of thirty-five, and was generally regarded as a strong-minded woman. She had money of her own, and she knew how to invest it to make a profit. She now and then, as it was said, gave her brother hints which he found to be valuable in a business way. Coming down to the burglary, I found that she was under the care of the doctor off and on for a month previous with some nervous trouble.

For some reason which she did not explain Miss Carter refused to even see me while I was consulting with her brother at the house. There are plenty of people, and good people, too, who dislike detectives, but I take no offense at it. Every man to his notion, say I. I provided his notion does not lead to crime. Had I sat down to interview the lady, however, the case might not have been helped along any. It had occurred to me, as you may have suspected, that the sister had robbed the safe herself while in a state of somnambulism. I had a talk with her doctor, and he agreed

that her condition during the first week of April favored such a thing. Indeed, on the morning the robbery was discovered he had been called in, to find her very much exhausted, and she declared that she was as stiff and lame as if standing at the wash tub all day.

I was now satisfied that I was on the right trail. I found that Mr. Carter always carried his key home, and that the watchman never left his in the lock at night. I went for Davis again, and he finally admitted that he was asleep from 10 o'clock until aroused by the burglars. The end of the case was as mysterious as the beginning. One night when I had reasoned it all out and felt satisfied in my own mind, but could see no way to secure proofs, I got so nervous that I arose at midnight and went out on the street for a walk and a smoke. I took no heed of my direction, but at the end of ten minutes I found myself in front of the banker's cosy home. It was in total darkness, as well as others in the village, but I leaned up against a tree box and stood gazing at the windows as if expectantly, something to happen to pull my case through. Something did happen.

I was within six feet of the gate and I suddenly saw a figure in female dress come around from a side door with a large market basket on her arm. She was fully dressed; and from the first instant I believed it was the banker's sister. I thought she looked full at me as she passed out of the gate, but nevertheless she walked off up the street with the basket on her arm. I followed a few yards behind her, and she held steadily on and went straight to the bank. I was sure of her then. She paused at the door for a few seconds to unlock it and then disappeared inside. Five seconds later Davis was shouting and a woman's voice could be heard uttering shrill screams. I opened the door and entered, and the mystery was solved at last. There stood Miss Anna, just aroused from sleep, and in the basket on her arm was that missing money. Davis was lying down, but not asleep, when she entered, and he had at once seized her.

How did she get the money from the safe? She had been reading about burglars and gone to the bank in her sleep. She had entered and secured the money and left again without arousing Davis. The burglars came later on. She had taken the money home and concealed it, but in what spot she could never determine. She probably did not walk again until the night she returned it. There was a new safe and a new combination, but as she knew the word she might have restored the money and escaped unseen but for the vigilance of the watchman. To this day no one in that village except brother, sister and Davis knows how that money was restored. They even declare that not a dollar was ever recovered, and that I had to throw up the case for want of brains to strike a blow.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Lofty Mountains.
In all books on geography published during the latter part of the last century and the first two decades of the present it was plainly stated that Mount Chimborazo, a peak of the Andes in Old Peru (now Ecuador), with an altitude of 21,420 feet, was the most lofty peak in the world. The reputation of Chimborazo received a severe shock when Mr. Pentland, a British scientist, began his explorations in the Bolivian Andes, where he soon found two peaks, Sorato and Illimani, whose respective altitudes were 24,000 and 23,000 feet.

But while Mr. Pentland was making his historic observations in the Andes, others with observing instincts were exploring the cloud-clapped peaks of the Himalayas and measuring the heights of the principal summits. Forty peaks of that chain were measured, none of which were less than 20,000 feet in height. One of these, Dhaulagiri (White Mountain) has an altitude of 26,762 feet, and, till the height of Mount Everest was computed, was believed to be the highest mountain peak in the world. Three others in the same range besides Everest and Dhaulagiri are higher than the highest mountain in America. They are: Jawahir, 25,749 feet; Chamalari, 26,000 feet even, and Gossinghar, 24,740. Add Everest to the four above enumerated and we have five mountain peaks in one chain, almost in sight of each other, which are all over 24,000 feet high, Everest being the most lofty, its height being reckoned all the way between 29,092 and 29,700. For nearly half a century Mount Everest, or Gaurisanker as it is known in Europe and Asia, was thought to be the apex of the world. In 1881, however, a Captain Lawson, sent out by the British Geographical Society, discovered a peak on the Isle of Papua which is 32,753 feet in height. He named it Mount Hercules.—St. Louis Republic.

Penn Used to Shake This Chestnut Tree.

There is a giant chestnut tree growing at Center Ridge, Buck County, Penn., near the Delaware River. The trunk measures nineteen feet in circumference, and the tree still yields an annual crop of chestnuts. It is said that in primeval days the Indians would gather under its branches on a hot summer's day to enjoy a cool breeze from the Delaware bend by. It is also related that William Penn once gathered chestnuts from it.—New Orleans Picayune.

A BIG CROW ROOST.

WHERE THE BIRDS MAKE THEIR HOME IN THE WINTER.

They Leave in the Morning For Feeding Grounds and Return at Night, Making the Hills Black With Their Numbers.

EVERY winter Arlington Cemetery becomes one of the most noted crow roosts in the United States, and one of the largest on the Atlantic coast, and while nearly all are accustomed to look at it from one point of view—the resting place of the nation's dead—a visit paid at dusk, and from an entirely different point of view, will, I trust, prove interesting to some.

Within the past few years much has been written concerning this notorious compulsion; but until recently little or nothing has appeared pertaining to the roosting place of one of our commonest birds. It has been my pleasure to visit two rookeries and to observe closely the birds composing it, both at the roost, where they congregate at night to seek rest and protection in each other's company, and many miles away from it, and under nearly all circumstances.

The first of these is situated about two miles east of Syracuse, N. Y., in a locality known as "Tamarack Swamp." This swamp, once extensive, has been cut down to a narrow strip, not exceeding six hundred yards in width by one and a half miles long, hemmed in on the north and south by hills, and has become what is known as a dry swamp, composed of maples, pines, beech, birch, tamarack and oaks. Midway in this strip is a stretch of young pines, averaging twelve feet in height, and this spot, in preference to the more densely wooded portion, has been chosen as the winter home of the crows. Arlington is too well known to require any description.

A visit to these roosts in the daytime is extremely interesting, but one paid at dusk, when the birds are coming in, is not only interesting, but exciting. Shortly after the first break of day the vast throng of black birds itself. First a loud clamor betokens that the birds are awake; then, with a shake or two, they launch forth in quest of the morning's breakfast.

Leaving singly, in pairs, by dozens and in flocks of hundreds and thousands, each group wings its way to where the previous day's meals were secured or starts in search of new feeding grounds. A drive through the surrounding country will give a glimpse of their daily life throughout the winter. Anywhere and everywhere they may be seen in search of that which sustains life, but with the usual frozen condition of the ground this is a rule is difficult to obtain. Along the river and streams they may be seen walking on the ice in search of a possible dead fish or a stray mussel, breaking through the frozen structure itself where not too thick in order to get at the soft, unfrozen mud beneath, and in many places the surface for a considerable area resembles the land more than the ice, from the quantities of this material thrown out. Here they of course secure considerable vegetable matter, mingled with an occasional shell fish, but the supply is poor at best and they generally have a hard scrape of it through the winter.

Up to about 3 o'clock the birds are busy feeding, and the passer-by would hardly believe that within an hour, or even less, these same birds will be miles away, and in company with tens of thousands of their fellows. About this time an inclination to move is manifested by a few, who fly away just over the tree tops calling loudly, as if to induce the rest who still tarry to follow. These soon depart and by 4 o'clock or half-past the sky is filled with the host en route for the rendezvous.

An idea can best be gained now of the countless numbers that nightly resort to this place, for although it is obviously impossible to attain anything like accuracy as to the numbers, we know that at any given station hundreds and thousands pass over our heads, until it seems as if every crow in the country was passing before our eyes; but a station in an exactly opposite direction the next day will reveal a like number, and another the next day the same, until every point of the compass has been covered. As they return every night in the same direction it will of course be evident that the same flock are not observed twice and what an enormous throng must be gathered together at the rookery.

Having now traced our birds through their daily wanderings it is in order to visit the roost at nightfall and watch them come in. We must be there before dusk, and have but to take our stand in the center of the place, close beside some tree, in order to avoid observation. At about 5 o'clock they begin to arrive, singly and in flocks, tarrying at times at some neighboring feeding ground, but soon seeking the vicinity of the roost. Strangely enough, instead of repairing at once to their night's resting place, they gather in immense multitudes on the surrounding hills. Coming, as they do, from all parts of the country, the number increases until the fields, the trees and the pines are covered with them. Long after the sun has set they continue to arrive. The noise is deafening, and when at times they rise and circle about

in the air it seems as if the very heavens were about to fall. As darkness settles a few of the bolder ones enter the roost, these are followed by small bunches of fifty or a hundred and these in turn by others interspersed with stragglers. Suddenly with a noise as of a mighty hurricane, a vast host arises and makes a dive for the roost. This is closely followed by another, and another, and I still another, until finally the numbers on the hillside begin to show some signs of thinning out. As the darkness deepens they come in any way; pell mell, brushing past the face, almost flying against us and alighting on the first branch they strike against. Every tree and bush is packed with them, and still they continue to pour down, finding a roosting place somewhere and adding clamor to the deafening babel already existing.

Finally all appear to have arrived and are busy settling themselves for the night. Utter now but so much as a syllable and the entire army with renewed cries and in direct confusion takes flight and seeks another part of the wood only to repeat the same performance.—Washington Star.

A Land of Wondrous Names.

The Census Bureau has at last issued a bulletin showing the population of Alaska, the portion of the United States in which the enumeration was most delayed by natural difficulties. The bulletin is more remarkable for its nomenclature than for its statistics. Only 31,795 persons of all races and colors were found in the vast extent of the great northern Territory, and of this total 23,274 were Indians, including the Eskimau tribes, and only 4333 were white, the remainder being half-breed, Chinese, etc. In the matter of pretty, flowing names, however, Alaska does not take second place for any part of this great and glorious country. Fifteen Inian-juv-juv natives live at Ahgomek-ahgahmante, and eighteen told the enumerators, in their own sweet way, that Chokk-fokk-ahgahmante was their home. Kenechahmante is a settlement somewhat remarkable for having more inhabitants than there are letters in its name, while Kuch-loggahmante boasts twenty residents, and there are others of the same proud distinction. The natives break the name of Nunavok-ahgahmante in the middle, not that it is a hard word, as things go in Alaska, but to draw out its sweetness a little longer. In Wokheh-ahgahmante nineteen children of the soil have their abiding place, and about twice as many are more or less proud to call Yokokakak their home.

It will be observed that the favorite termination of Alaskan names is "mante." We think that any reader who undertakes to rattle off a few of them in quick succession will be convinced very speedily that the syllable is the most appropriate possible, and admirable in its suggestiveness of destroyed powers of speech. Alaska is rich in the animal life of its seas, rivers and forests, and in minerals and timber, but it is more completely cut off of the reach of competition in the matter of names than anything else which we have in mind at present.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

A Button as a Detective.
The Southern Pacific furnishes a good story. It began with a burglary. While the agent was at supper, the depot at Devers station, near Houston, Texas, was robbed of several pieces of baggage, a few express packages and a small amount of money. J. P. Long, a special officer, was sent to the scene, but could find no trace of the thieves. The only clue was a button on the window sill. Mr. Long gave up the search and carried away the button as a souvenir of his fruitless trip. A week later Mr. Long was at Lake Charles. Near the town he saw some tramps by the roadside. He casually looked them over and noticed that one of the tramps had on a coat from which a button was missing. The other buttons looked familiar. Mr. Long tried to account for the fact that the buttons caught his eye. Suddenly he pulled the souvenir button from his pocket. The mystery was cleared. It matched the other buttons on the coat, and the wearer was without doubt one of the Devers burglars. The tramp was arrested, lodged in jail at Lake Charles, confessed the theft, implicated several others who were also arrested, and the one little button is about to play an important part in breaking up a dangerous gang of miscreants.—New Orleans Picayune.

Best Root Sugar in Europe.

In 1860-1 the entire European crop of beet root sugar did not exceed 357,000 tons, whereas for the campaign of 1890-1 it amounted to 3,660,000 tons, of which Germany alone contributed 1,325,000 tons; the total sugar crop of the world being 6,000,000 tons, of which 2,340,000 tons were made from cane. This great increase in the percentage of sugar in the beet is due to scientific and enlightened agriculture, by a careful "breeding up" of the seed or "mother beets," selecting only such beets for that purpose as by analysis show a high per cent. of sugar. Seed-growing in Europe is a special business by itself, and is conducted by men of known ability.—Once A Week.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Greenland has no cats.
Turkeys have been known to live thirty years in Indiana.
Chess matches by telephone are very popular in England.
Artificial ice ponds are now being introduced into England.
At Tornes, Finland, Christmas Day is less than three hours in length.
A lady in Stonington, Conn., has slept 21,000 consecutive nights in one house.
For forty days after an Egyptian Khedive's death food is served with coffee and cigarettes to all who visit the tomb.
A camel of the largest size has been known to drink from thirty to fifty gallons of water, and then travel without any more for twenty days.
A fifty-year-old Philadelphia has carefully preserved all the hair cut from his head during his whole life. The accumulation weighs 100 pounds.
There is a Chinese theatre in British Columbia where a company of thirteen players have a repertory of 500 plays and the bill is changed nightly.
The cormorant is still occasionally used for fishing in preserved waters in England. The bird generally wears a light collar to prevent it from swallowing the fish.
The winter term in Dartmouth College opened with only three-fourths of the students present. The others were away teaching school to pay their college expenses.
Charles A. Dean, of Boston, Mass., has just caught in Florida the largest tarpon ever taken with rod and reel. It weighed 193 pounds, and was over seven feet in length.
A farmer in North Carolina has a hog which is six feet six inches long and seven feet six inches around the body. He is so painfully fat that his eyes have been closed for two months.
Authorities appear to agree that the only proper garment for the pet dog at breakfast is a single blanket of blue or white flannel, and that to wear a collar before noon is the quintessence of vulgarity.
It is interesting to learn that in the ninth century European kings wore wooden shoes. In those days, in fact, a monarch did not possess one-half the creature comforts and luxuries that the humblest peasant can now obtain.
The largest amount of ground in the world devoted to the culture of gladiolus, is at Floral Park, N. Y., where J. L. Childs has fifty acres planted in that flower. At this place 150 acres are devoted to floral culture in the spring and summer.
If a child has swallowed anything that will not digest, said a noted physician, "particularly if it is sharp, let him eat immediately two or three pieces of dry bread. This is very apt to surround the object swallowed with a sort of coating. In addition let the food for several days be more solid than usual, and under no circumstances give purgative medicine. The chances are that the child will feel no trouble from the carelessness."

Ancient Wax Tablets

Wooden tablets covered with wax were anciently used to write upon, the outer sides being of wood, only the inner sides being covered with wax. The two pieces were fastened at the back with wire as hinges and could be opened and shut like our books. Two ancient waxen tablets of this kind, in an excellent state of preservation, were found in gold mines in and near the village of Abul-bayra, in Transylvania. These tablets consist of three tablets each. One is of fir wood the other of beech wood, each about the size of a small octavo. The other parts are of plain wood; the inner are covered with wax, now almost grown black, and have margins. The middle tablet, also with raised margin, is covered with wax on both sides. On the tablets are some Greek letters, followed by certain unknown characters. The other tablet contains writing in Latin, which refers to some business with a collegium ("body" or "corporation"). The date, given by Consuls, is 149 A. D. It is written from right to left, the writing beginning on the fourth page and ending at the bottom of the third.—American Antiquologist.

To Young Men.

Young men are often at a loss to know the best manner of spending their leisure hours. A few suggestions on this point may be of service. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and in like manner good associations exert a most beneficial influence.
The society of a refined and intelligent lady should always be desired. If you have a true woman for a friend, you have in her a rich treasure indeed. Seek her society whenever practical, not necessarily as a lover, but as an earnest friend and companion. No matter if her conversation does not sparkle with wit, or exhibit profound culture and erudition. No matter if you are acquainted with all her home amusements, and know "all her songs by heart." In her presence you will lose all relish for vicious pleasures, and receive mental and moral improvement.—Detroit Free Press.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

A STORM caused extensive damage to the New England coast. High winds, rain and snow delayed shipping, caused broken boats and played havoc generally.
THE Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, of Andover Theological Seminary, was elected President of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
THE Rhode Island Democrats met in State Convention at Providence, and nominated a ticket headed by W. C. T. Wainwright, of Bristol, for Governor. The delegates to the National Convention were instructed to vote for Cleveland for the Presidential nomination.
A STORM raged along the New England coast with great severity.
EDWARD POSTHUM, fireman on a pushing engine at Pittsburg, Pa., was killed and Michael Nisani, fireman on the same locomotive, who quarreled while clearing the tracks of snow.
EX-SENATOR STEPHEN T. HOPKINS, of the New York Custom House, was found dead on the stairs, a mile distant from Pleasantville, N. J. His body was lying in the tide water. How Hopkins came to his death was unknown.
THE hearing by Attorney-General Hensel of Pennsylvania on the Reading case was begun at Harrisburg.
THE fight between E. F. Scarples and Timothy Hopkins over Mrs. Hopkins' \$100,000 millions has at last been settled at Salem, Mass., by the payment of \$30,000 to the accused.
THEODORE JONES, eighteen years old, committed suicide by hanging himself near Mount Holly, N. J. Jones had run away from home in Trenton, N. J., and was living there. The only cause assigned for the suicide is that young Jones had become discontented.
EX-PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER, of Yale University, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., at the age of eighty-one years.
O. E. TYLER, Tax Collector of Hubbardston, Mass., is missing; shortage, \$100.

South and West.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM WORTH HOLMES, of North Carolina, died at Raleigh at the age of seventy-four years. His health had been failing for some time.
THE March Grand National in New Orleans, La., was more brilliantly celebrated and drew a larger attendance than at any time since the Grand National of 1887. The subject of the magnificent train of tableaux, Rex was impersonated this year by Robert S. Day, a prominent young lawyer, of New Orleans.
THE President on the third day of his outgoing term returned to the Princess Anne Hotel, Norfolk, Va., from his recent visit to the District of Columbia. He was accompanied by his family. He proved his qualities as a good sportsman by bringing down a number of quail.
MAJOR WASHINGTON, of Chicago, Ill., is reported to be a candidate for the office of Mayor of that city. He is a prominent member of the Chicago Police Force, and is well known to the citizens of that city.
REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS for the election of delegates to the National Convention were held in every Congressional district in Indiana. In every district the delegates were instructed for Harrison.
G. HARRISON SMITH, a young lawyer, died suddenly at Kansas City, Mo., on the eve of his marriage to Miss Anna Harwood. The girl fell in a faint at the side of the coffin in the cemetery, and died shortly after. J. W. Collins, the President of the defunct California National Bank, committed suicide at San Diego, Cal.
THE H. C. Perrellis mill, fifteen miles southwest of Dayton, Ohio, was destroyed by a storm. The mill was a large one, and was valued at \$100,000. The cause of the disaster was a heavy rain, which caused the mill to overflow, and the water to break through the dam, and the mill to be destroyed.
GEORGE ADAMS, who beat two women near New York, and who refused to give him money, has been lynched.
A PASSENGER train was wrecked by a huge lumber on the track, twelve miles west of Lynchburg, Va. The train, which was carrying a large number of passengers, was derailed, and the engine and several cars were overturned. The cause of the disaster was a heavy rain, which caused the lumber to slide down the hill, and strike the train.
MISS ADIE BRADMAN, of Columbia, S. C., let her seven-month-old baby, who was sleeping in a cradle, fall from the cradle, and the child was killed. The cause of the disaster was a heavy rain, which caused the cradle to slide down the hill, and strike the child.

Washington.

SECRETARY TRACY has written a long letter to Senator Hale, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, in relation to the Revenue Marine Transfer bill under consideration, in which he heartily indorses the measure and urges prompt consideration by Congress.
THE District of Columbia Appropriation bill was reported to the House. The aggregate amount, exclusive of the War Department, is \$2,726,226, which is \$257,000 less than the estimate for the current year, \$1,577,300, and \$257,000 less than the estimate of the District Committee on Appropriations, which is \$1,577,300. The bill is reported by the Secretary of the Treasury. The appropriation for the War Department is \$261,028.
THE United States Treasury Department's monthly statement of changes in the circulation during February shows a net increase during the month of \$3,703,704.
THE friends of Higgins and Turnbull, who were killed at Valparaiso, Chile, are arranging to bring their bodies home, and Secretary Baime has directed Minister Egan to act on them.
THE Controller of the Currency has called for a report of the condition of the National banks at the close of business March 1.
A STATEMENT prepared by the Committee on Finance in relation to the proposed amendment to the National Bank Act, providing for the issue of \$100,000,000 of new currency, has been received by the Senate. The statement shows that the proposed amendment would increase the amount of currency in circulation by \$100,000,000, and that the cost of the new currency would be \$10,000,000.
THE Committee on Finance has reported to the Senate a bill to amend the National Bank Act, providing for the issue of \$100,000,000 of new currency. The bill is reported by the Secretary of the Treasury.
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